"Watch over the Preservation of the Union with jealous eye, and indignantly frown upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of the country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.—WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

THE DOLLAR WEEKLY TIMES—"INDEPENDENT IN [illegible] THINGS, NEUTRAL IN NOTHING."

VOLUME XXII—NO. 23. CINCINNATI, THURSD[illegible] 1865. TWO DOLLARS [illegible]

POETRY.

[From the Evening Post.]

OUR BOYS ARE COMING HOME.

[illegible] God, the sky is clearing!
The clouds are hurrying past;
Thank God, the day is nearing!
A dawn is coming fast,
When glad herald voices
Shall tell us peace has come,
Thrice thought shall most rejoice us:
"Our boys are coming home!"

Soon will the voice of singing
Drown war's tremendous din;
Soon will the joy-bells' ringing
Bring peace and freedom in.
The joyous bonfires burning,
Shall then light up the dome,
And seek to soothe our yearning,
Our [illegible] are coming home.

The vacant fireside places
Have waited for them long;
The loved [illegible] lacks their faces,
The cheer waits their songs;
A shadow [illegible] has haunted
The long [illegible] room;
But now our prayers are granted,
Our boys are coming home!

O, mother, calmly waiting
For that beloved son!
O, sister, proudly dating
The victories he has won!
O, maiden, softly yearning
The love gone while you roam—
Joy, joy, the boys are coming—
Our boys are coming home!

And yet—oh, keenest sorrow!
They're coming, but not all;
Full many a dark to-morrow
Shall wear its sable pall
For thousands who are sleeping
Beneath the empurpled loam;
Woe! woe! for those we're weeping,
Who never will come home.

O sad heart, hush thy grieving;
Wait but a little while!
With hoping and believing
Thy woe and fear beguile.
Wait for the joyous meeting
Beyond the starry dome,
For there our boys are waiting
To bid us welcome home.

NORMANIA, April 3, 1865. W. G.

[Written for the Cincinnati Times.]

THE BIRTH OF THE POET.

Sweet! sweet! sweet!
The marvellous music floats
Up from the turbid river!
What is he doing, the great god Pan?
Crushing the reeds in the river!

He drew the pith from the heart of a reed—
"What matter?—let the poor thing bleed,
The keener the pain the sweeter the song;"
He laughed to himself, the giant strong,
As he hewed and hacked. "I'll fashion a lute,
Apollo himself shall drop his flute
To hear the music I shall make!
Who would have thought in the tangled brake,
To find an instrument clear and fine?
The sounds from [illegible]
I will give to this [illegible]
The beautiful voice of this wonderful Reed,
And the weary hearts of worldly men
Shall dream of the gods and Heaven again."

SELECTED STORY.

MARRIED FLIRTATIONS.

The last dying cadences of a delicious, dreamy waltz, across whose weird notes the soul of Beethoven had poured out its magic sadness, were floating over the crowd that filled the ball-room of the fashionable Washington hotel; there was the stir and murmur of separating couples, and the ill-suppressed yawns of weary "wall-flowers" that followed in the wake of every brilliant waltz. Kate Elwyn stood in the recess of the window, playing carelessly with the faded jessamines and tuberoses of her bouquet, while her blue, lovely eye wondered anxiously from one place to another, evidently in quest of some familiar countenance, which they could not discover.

There were few more beautiful faces than her own, even in that festive crowd, where half the belles of the Union had brought their diamonds and bright eyes to dazzle the grave politicians and law-makers of the land. Rather beneath the medium size, with the fragile delicacy of a fairy, her complexion had the transparent waxen bloom that you look for only in children, while her heavy bands of golden hair lay over her somewhat low forehead in rippling waves of amber. Very dark blue eyes, translucent as a sapphire of the first water, and a little crimson mouth, carved like Cupid's bow, gave additional piquancy to her face, and altogether was as perfect a specimen of the radiant blonde as one sees, out of a picture gallery, or a novel.

Suddenly her cheeks blossomed into roses, her whole countenance brightened, as a tall and rather elegant looking gentleman languidly sauntered toward her.

"Charley, I thought you never were coming!"

"I've only been down to the supper-room for a few moments, my dear, I'm sorry you have missed me. Anything I can do for you now?"

"Yes—do get my fan and shawl and we'll go up stairs. It's after 1 o'clock, and I'm completely tired out."

"Couldn't, my dear," said Mr. Elwyn, breaking a moss rose from his wife's bouquet, and fastening it jauntily into his coat, "I'm engaged for three waltzes and a quadrille. Mrs Raymond would never forgive me for deserting her."

Kate's lips curled haughtily, and a deeper shade of crimson stole into her cheek.

"Jealous, eh?" laughed her husband, patting her bright hair lightly. "Now, Kate, that's a little too silly of you. Don't you know that at a place like this a man is expected to make himself generally agreeable [illegible]

[illegible]

Dollar Weekly Times--Devoted to Western Literature, Science, Arts, Mechanics, Commerce, Agriculture, Education, Morals, etc., etc.

The Dollar Times.

Office No. 48 West Third St., between Walnut and Vine.

CINCINNATI, OHIO:
THURSDAY, APRIL 10th, 1862.

J. C. STARBUCK & CO., PROPRIETORS.

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The Union,
The Constitution,
The Enforcement of the Laws.

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President,

[illegible] in throbbing, and [illegible] years, as to some [illegible] Governor in all the [illegible] the time of a great and noble [illegible] of any section of the country—he is painful to see the deep sorrow [illegible] notice of this attempt; not one heart [illegible] the contest, wondered and in utter uncanny of mind. We cannot realize [illegible] and we need moderately the dismal [illegible] as they are seem to us from the [illegible] of the Nation.

Kentucky, Lincoln and the Southern [illegible] through Kentucky, Lincoln is God's own helper. Followed by the [illegible] and the [illegible] he was an conspiritation of the times, [illegible] of the human soul—[illegible] hopeful, cheerful, [illegible] Doubtless that rough exterior [illegible] prying spirit, the most generous in [illegible] the most devoted integrity. He was kind to a fault, and yet he forgives no time and no limits. That the great [illegible] of the time should be still, and his wondrous faculties matched by the [illegible] of an assassin, is a mystery to human concept or contemplation.

A deed so heinous we will decline, and so thinly conceived, could not be the result of other than the darkness of mind and heart in all the actors of the disposition and crime. That it had its origin in the mind of a man who [illegible] Lincoln is was stimulated for and paid for by Southern Secession, and that it was participated by the conspirators we believe as much as we believe that God lives and governs the world—the unbelief and for purpose as mad and wickedness.

The streets are crowded with citizens again. The city is all quiet, [illegible] Flags are out for with [illegible] and [illegible] and the Government made perpetual—Secession cities [illegible] the both—it had only money to [illegible] a [illegible] and [illegible] to gallant—he had [illegible] and the great [illegible] the great time, and die, the Washington and Jackson, with his [illegible] as his [illegible] and the [illegible] secure the [illegible] and the [illegible] shall live [illegible] the world the [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

ASSASSINATION OF THE PRESIDENT.

Official Announcement of the Assassination.

A NATIONAL CALAMITY.

Assassination of Sec'y Seward.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, April 15—1 30 A. M.

Major-General Dix:

This evening at about 9 30 P. M., at Ford's Theater, the President, while sitting in his private box, with Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Harris and Major Rathburn, was shot by an assassin, who suddenly entered the box and approached behind the President. The assassin then leaped upon the stage, brandishing a large dagger or knife, and made his escape in the rear of the theater.

The pistol ball entered the back of the President's head, and penetrated nearly through the head. The wound is mortal. The President has been insensible ever since it was inflicted, and is now dying.

About the same hour, an assassin, whether the same or not is unknown, entered Mr. Seward's apartments, and, under pretense of having a prescription, was shown to the Secretary's sick chamber. The assassin immediately rushed to the bed and inflicted two or three stabs on the throat and two on the face. It is hoped the wounds may not be mortal. My apprehension is that they will prove fatal. The nurse alarmed Mr. Fred. Seward, who was in an adjoining room, and hastened to the door of his father's room, when he met the assassin, who inflicted upon him one or more dangerous wounds.

The recovery of Fred. Seward is doubtful. It is not probable that the President will live through the night. General Grant and wife were advertised to be at the theater this evening, but he started to Burlington at 6 this evening.

At a Cabinet meeting, at which General Grant was present, the subject of the state of the country, and the prospect of a speedy peace, was discussed. The President was very cheerful and hopeful, and spoke very kindly of General Lee and others of the Confederacy, and of the establishment of the Government in Virginia.

All the members of the Cabinet, except Mr. Seward are now in attendance upon the President. I have seen Mr. Seward, but he and Frederick were both unconscious.

E. M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

ADDITIONAL.

The facts are substantially as follows: About 10 o'clock a man range the bell, and the call having been answered by a colored servant, he said he had come from Dr. Verdi, Secretary Seward's family physician, with a prescription; at the same time holding in his hand a small piece of folded paper, and saying, in answer to a refusal, that he must see the Secretary, as he was intrusted with the particular directions concerning the medicine.

He still insisted on going up, although repeatedly informed that no one could enter the chamber. He pushed the servant aside, and walked heavily toward the Secretary's room. He was there met by Mr. Frederick Seward, of whom he demanded to see the Secretary, making the same representations which he did to the servant. What further passed in the way of colloquy is not known, but the man struck him on the head with a billy, severely injuring the skull, and felling him almost senseless.

The assassin then rushed into the chamber and attacked Mr. Seward, Paymaster U. S. A., and Mr. Hansell, a messenger of the State Department, and two male nurses, disabling them, and rushed upon the Secretary, who was lying in bed in the room, and inflicted three stabs in the neck, but severing, it is thought, no arteries, though he bled profusely.

The assassin then rushed down stairs, mounted his horse at the door, and rode off before an alarm could be sounded, and in the same manner as the assassination of the President. It is believed the injuries of the [...]

not in themselves fatal, but in connection with his recent injuries, and the great loss of blood, it is thought his recovery is doubtful. It was Clarence A. Seward, instead of Wm. Seward, who was wounded. Fred. Seward was also badly cut, as were also three nurses who were in attendance upon the Secretary, showing that a desperate struggle took place there, but none of them fatally. The wounds of the whole party were dressed.

(Special Dispatch to the Cincinnati Gazette.)
WASHINGTON, April 15.

2:30 A. M.—I have just visited the dying couch of Abraham Lincoln. He is now in the agonies of death, and his physicians say he cannot live more than an hour.

He is surrounded by the members of his Cabinet, all of whom are bathed in tears. Senator Sumner is seated on the right of the couch on which he is lying, the tears streaming down his cheeks, and sobbing like a child. All around him are his physicians. Surgeon-General Barnes is directing affairs. The President is unconscious, and the only sign of life he exhibits is by the movement of his right hand, which he moves feebly. Mrs. Lincoln and her two sons are in the adjoining room, into which Secretary Stanton has just gone to inform them that the President's physicians have pronounced his case hopeless. As I pass through the passage to the front door, I hear shrieks and cries proceeding from the room in which the grief-stricken wife and children are seated.

I obtained from Quartermaster-General Meigs the following account of the assassination:

About half-past ten o'clock P. M., a man dressed in a dark suit and hat, entered the private box in which Mr. Lincoln and his party, consisting of Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Harris (daughter of Senator Harris), and Captain Rathbone, of Albany were seated. Immediately on opening the door, he advanced toward Mr. Lincoln with a six barrelled revolver in his right hand, and a bowie knife in his left. The President, who was intent upon the play, did not notice his intrusion and the gentlemen who were seated beside him rose to inquire the reason of his entry. Before he had time to ask the assassin what he wanted, he fired one charge from his revolver, which took effect in the back of the President's head. The ball passed through and came out at the right temple. Captain Rathbone attempted to arrest the murderer, and in trying to do so, received a shot in his arm.

The assassin then leaped from the box upon the stage. Before he disappeared behind the curtain he turned, and with a tragic flourish and tone, waved his knife and shouted, "Sic semper tyrannis." So sudden was the affair, that for some moments after its occurrence the audience supposed that it was a part of the play, and were only undeceived when it was announced from the stage by the managers that the President of the United States had been shot. The shock fell upon the audience like a thunder-bolt, and loud cries were immediately raised to kill or capture the assassin. The scene which ensued cannot be described. Men and women rushed for the doors, crying and shouting for vengeance on the murderer. The murderous emissary of the slave power escaped easily and rapidly from the theater, mounted a horse, and escaped. The President, who was insensible, was carried out and taken to a house opposite the theater. Mrs. Lincoln fainted in the box, and was borne out after her husband.

The mass of the evidence to-night is that J. Wilkes Booth committed the crime. Whoever it is, there are reasons for thinking that the same bold and bloody hand attempted the life of Secretary Seward. His wounds were made by a knife as big as that waved on the stage, and the Virginia motto *sic semper tyrannis.*

LATER.

(Special Dispatch to the Cincinnati Gazette.)
WASHINGTON, March 15.

When the fatal shot was fired, Mrs. Lincoln, who was alongside of her husband, exclaimed, "Oh, why did not they shoot me!—why didn't they shoot me!"

There is evidence that Secretary Stanton was also marked for assassination.

On receipt of the intelligence at the War Department, of the attack on the President, two employes of the Department were sent to summon the Secretary. Just as they approached his house, a man jumped out from behind a tree-box in front of the house, and ran away. It is well known to be the custom of the Secretary to go from the Department to his house, between nine and twelve o'clock P. M., and usually unattended. It [...] so, from the fact that Mr. Stanton remained at home during the evening.

The circumstantial evidence is very strong that J. Wilkes Booth is the person who shot the President. Several parties who are all well acquainted with him, and saw the assassin when he jumped from the box, are positive that he is the man. It is also reported that Booth's horse was saddled at the side door of the Theater, and was rode off by the assassin. If he is the man, it is impossible for him to escape.

The horse of the man who made the attack on Secretary Seward has been found near the Lincoln Hospital, bathed in sweat, and with blood on the saddle-cloths.

3 A. M.—There is up to this time no material change in the President's condition.

Death of President Lincoln

CONDITION OF SEC'Y SEWARD

Official Bulletin from Sec'y Stanton.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, April 15.

Major General Dix:

Abraham Lincoln died this morning, at 22 minutes after 7 o'clock.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

WAR DEPARTMENT, 4:10 A. M.

Major-General Dix:

The President continues insensible, and is sinking. Secretary Seward remains without change. Frederick Seward's skull is fractured in two places, besides a severe cut on the head. The attendant is still alive, but hopeless. Major Seward's wounds are not dangerous. It is now ascertained with reasonable certainty that two assassins were engaged in the horrible crime, Wilkes Booth being the one that shot the President, and the other a companion of his, whose name is not known, but whose description is so clear that he can hardly escape.

It appears from a letter found in Booth's trunk that the murder was planned before the 4th of March, but fell through then be- [...]

Details of the Assassination.

NEW YORK, April 16.

The Herald's Washington special sends details of the events preceding the assassination of the President, and his last hours.

About half-past seven, P.M., Hon. Geo. Ashmead called at the White House, and was ushered into the parlor, where Schuyler Colfax was seated, waiting for a short interview with the President on business which had a bearing upon his proposed overland trip.

A few moments elapsed, when President Lincoln entered the room, and a short conversation took place, touching upon various matters. The President was in a happy and jovial frame of mind.

Mr. Ashmead desired to see him on special business, and there being no time to attend to it then, the President took out a card, and placing it on his knee, wrote as follows:

"Allow Mr. Ashmead and friend to come to me at 9 A. M., to-morrow.
[Signed] "A. LINCOLN.
"April 14, 1865."

These were the last words that he penned. It was the last time that he signed his name to any order, document or message. Mr. Mr. Lincoln finally stated that he must go to the theater, and warmly pressed Speaker Colfax and Mr. Ashmead to accompany him, but they excused themselves on the score of previous engagements.

At about 8 o'clock this afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln started for the carriage, the latter taking the arm of Mr. Ashmead; the President and Mr. Colfax walking together. As soon as the President and Mrs. Lincoln were seated in the carriage, the later gave orders to the coachman to drive around to Senator Harris' residence, for Miss Harris. As the carriage rolled away, they both said: "Good bye." "Good bye," to Messrs. Ashmead and Colfax, and the carriage had in a moment more disappeared from the ground in front of the White House.

A few moments later, a party of four persons, the President and Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Harris and Mr. Rathbun, of Albany, stepson of Senator Harris, arrived at the theater, and entered the front and left hand upper private box. A moment before the attack was made, the President was leaning forward, resting his head on his hand, in his accustomed careless way, his eyes bent upon the stage, and enjoying a hearty laugh.

Miss Harris, who was in the box with the President, makes the following statement:

Nearly one hour before the commission of the deed, the assassin came to the door of the box and looked in, to take a survey of the position of its occupants. It was supposed at the time that it was either a mistake or the exercise of impertinent curiosity. This circumstance attracted no particular attention at the time. Upon his entering the box again, Maj. Rathburn rose and asked the intruder his business. He rushed past the Major without making a reply, and placing his pistol close to the President's head actually in contact with it, fired; and instantly sprang upon the cushioned banister of the box, when he made a backward plunge with his knife, aimed at the face or breast of Mr. Lincoln. Major Rathburn, springing forward to protect the President, received the stab in the arm. The murderer then jumped upon the stage, and effected his escape. [...]

[...] inside and out. The pew usually occupied by the President and his family has been appropriately decked with habiliments of woe, and will, to-morrow, be closed. To-morrow is communion Sabbath, and under the afflicting circumstances will be particularly impressive and affecting.

THE INAUGURAL CEREMONIES.

From Washington.

NEW YORK, April 16.
WASHINGTON, April 15.

SIR:—Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, was shot by an assassin last evening, at Ford's Theater, in this city, and died at the hour 7:22 this morning. About the same time at which the President was shot, an assassin entered the sick chamber of Hon. W. H. Seward, Secretary of State, and stabbed him in several places in the throat, neck and face, severely, if not mortally, wounding him. Other members of the Secretary's family were dangerously wounded by the assassin, while making his escape. By the death of President Lincoln, the office of President has devolved, under the Constitution, upon you. The emergency of the Government demands that you should immediately qualify, according to the requirements of the Constitution, and enter upon the duties of the President of the United States. If you will please make known your pleasure, such arrangements as you deem proper will be made.

Your obedient servants,
HUGH MCCULLOCH, Secretary of the Treasury.
EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.
G. WELLES, Secretary of the Navy.
WM. DENNISON, Postmaster General.
J. P. USHER, Secretary of the Interior.
JAMES SPEED, Attorney General.

To Andrew Johnson, Vice President of the United States.

Mr. Johnson requested the ceremonies to take place at his rooms at the Kirkwood House, in this city, at 10 o'clock in the morning. Hon. S. P. Chase, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, was notified of the fact, and desired to be in attendance to administer the oath of office. At the above-named hour, the following gentlemen assembled in the Vice President's room to participate in the ceremony:

Hon. S. P. Chase, Hon. H. McCulloch, Attorney General Speed, F. P. Blair, Sr., Montgomery Blair, Senator Foot of Vermont, Yates of Illinois, Ramsey of Minnesota, Stewart of Nevada, Farnsworth of Illinois. After the presentation of the letter the Chief Justice administered the following oath to Mr. Johnson:

"I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States."

After receiving the oath and being declared President of the United States, Mr. Johnson remarked:

"GENTLEMEN: I must be permitted to say I have been almost overwhelmed by the announcement of the sad event which has so recently occurred. I feel incompetent to perform the duties so important and responsible as those which have been [...]

Humorous.

—"Doctor, I want you to prescribe for me." The doctor feels her pulse. "There is nothing the matter, madam; you only need rest." "Now, doctor, just look at my tongue—just look at it! look at it! Now say, what does that need?" "I think that needs rest, too." Exit madam in a state of great excitement.

Depositions of Josh Billings.

Josh Billings being duly sworn, depozes as follows:

That most men had rather dew a smart thing than tew dew a good one.

That backsliding iz a big thing, especially on the ice.

That there iz 2 things in this life for which we air never fully prepared, and that iz twins.

That ignorance iz bliss—ignorance of sawing wood for instance.

That many will fale tew be saved, simply becos tha haint got nothing tew save.

That a femail woman kant keep a sekret, nor let anybody else keep one.

That a "little larning iz a dangerous thing"—this iz true az it air common.

That it iz better to fale in a noble enterprize than to suckseed in a mean one.

The Laconic Style.

As applied to epistles and telegrams this is excellent. A husband telegraphed to his wife, "What have you for breakfast, and how is baby?" The answer came, "Buckwheat cakes and the measles."

The cheapest telegram ever sent was by an Irishman. Said he to the telegraph operator, "Do you ever charge anybody for the address in a message?" "No," replied the operator. "And do you charge for signing his name, sir?" "No, sir." "Well, then, will ye plase send this? I just want [illegible] know I'm here"—handing [illegible] "To John McFlinn—[illegible] McFlinn."

[illegible] Humphreys, the boxer, after he had conquered Mendoza, the Jew, [illegible] as follows:

"Dear John: I've done the Jew.
"Yours, T. Humphreys."

Everybody has heard of the famous letters which passed between the adverse chiefs of Sir O'Connell and Tyrone:

"Pay me my tribute, or if you don't—
O'Connell."

"I owe you no tribute, and if I did—
O'Neill."

After Kean's performance of Abel Drugger, for his own benefit, at Drury Lane Theater, Mrs. Garrick, with more sincerity than politeness, wrote as follows:

"Dear Sir: You can't play Abel Drugger.
Yours, S. Garrick."
"To Edmund Kean, Esq."

To this the modern Roscius laconically replied:

"Dear Madame: I know it.
"Yours, E. Kean."
"To Mrs. Garrick."

The celebrated Foot's correspondence with his mother is equally pithy:

"Dear Sam.: I'm in prison.
"Your loving mother, A. Foote."
"Dear Mother: So am I.
"Your affectionate son, Sam. Foote."

Equal to the Emergency.

Not many years ago, two Frenchmen—one wealthy and in possession of ready cash, and the other poor and penniless—occupied by chance the same room in a suburban hotel. In the morning the "seedy" one arose first, took from his pocket a pistol, and holding it to his own forehead, and backing against the door, exclaimed to his horrified companion:

"It is my last desperate resort; I am penniless and tired of life; give me 500 francs, or I will instantly blow out my brains, and you will be arrested as a murderer!"

The other lodger found himself the hero of an unpleasant dilemma, but the cogency of his companion's argument struck him "cold." He quietly crept to his pantaloons, handed over the amount, and the other vamosed, after locking the door on the outside.

Hearing of this, another Frenchman, of very savage aspect, one night tried to room with a tall, raw boned gentleman from Arkansas, who had been rather free with his money during the day, and evidently had plenty more behind. Next morning, "Pike" awakening, discovered his room-mate standing over him, with a pistol leveled at his own head, and evidently quaking with agitation.

"What the deuce are you standin thar for in the cold?" said Pike, propping himself on his elbow, and coolly surveying the Gaul.

"I am desperate!" was the reply. "You give me one hundred dollar, or I will blow out my brain!"

"Well then, blow and be darn'd!" replied Pike, turning over.

"But—you—will be arrested for ze murdaire!" persisted the Gaul, earnestly.

"Eh, what's that?" said Pike; "oh I see!" and suddenly drawing a revolver and a five-pound bowie from under his pillow, he sat upright.

"A man may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb," he coolly remarked; and, at the word, he started for the Gaul; but the latter was too nimble; the "hoss-pistol," innocent of lead, exploded in the air, and with one frantic leap our little Frenchman was standing in his night-robe at the foot of the stair-case—a proof that what may suit one altitude will not answer for another.

Some Hideous Plays on Names.

What lady is good to eat? Sal Lad.

What lady is good to eat with her? Olive Oil.

What lady is made to carry burdens? Ella Fant.

What lady preaches in the pulpit? Minnie Stir.

What lady has to fight Indians? Emma Grant.

What lady helps her? Minnie Rifle.

What lady does everybody desire? Ann U. Ity.

What lady is acquainted with surgery? Ann Atomy.

What lady lived in Noah's time? Ann T. Deluvian.

What lady is fond of debate? Polly Tishun.

What lady votes? Della Gate.

What lady paints portraits. Minnie A. Chure.

What lady paints comic ones? Carrie K. Chure.

What lady is fond of giving? Jennie Rosity.

What lady is much talked of now? Amelia Ration.

What lady is used to war? Milly Tairy.

What ladies are voracious. Anny Condor and Allie Gaiter.

What lady is lively and gay? Annie Mation.

'Twas all a Dream!

The old maid sat in her old arm chair, with half-closed eyes and pensive air, and without a blush on her maiden face, fell into old "Morpheus's" sweet embrace. She dreamed that a husband, kind and true, her form to his side so fondly drew, while in accents gentle, clear and slow, he called her the dearest name below. A fire was kindled upon the hearth, while the tea-kettle sang a merrier lay than it had whistled for many a day. New light was diffused in the old maid's heart, as she felt her loneliness now depart; the table was spread, all clean and new, and plates, and saucers, and chairs for [illegible] for [illegible] at [illegible] matter's [illegible]. But to resume: At last, as the dusky, dim twilight was fast giving place to the shades of night, she reached her arms for a sweet embrace, but alas! found empty space. As from her vision of bliss she woke, and found her dream had perished and broke, she "rose and cold, with a shuddering sigh, "Oh, would I had married in days gone by!"

A Pennsylvania Soldier's Idea.—A soldier of a Pennsylvania regiment, who was wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville and left on the field, afterward related his adventures to his Colonel. When the tide of battle had swept past the spot where he lay, a Rebel soldier came to him and took away his canteen, his haversack, his musket and accoutrements, and shoes. At this the Pennsylvanian at first demurred, but was forced to submit. Thereupon ensued a conversation: "Where do you belong?" asked the Rebel. "To Pennsylvania," was the reply. "And what are you doing down here in Virginia?" "Vel, I comes down here to fight," said the unlucky Bucks county man. "To fight, eh?" said the Virginian; why don't you fight in your own State, if you want to fight; what business have you here in Virginia?" The question might have been a poser for some, but the brave Dutchman replied, "Vel, I fights mit Uncle Sam, and Uncle Sam he goes everywere."

—It is stated, says an English paper, that there are twenty steam boilers under the floor of the House of Parliament, many working at high pressure and not tested to their strength for years. It might create a deal of excitement, certainly a new sensation for the blasé, if some morning the reports of parliamentary proceedings in the papers were to wind up suddenly with "Here the debate came to an end by the blowing up of all the members. A new ministry and opposition, with the requisite number of members to work both, will be immediately required."

Miscellaneous.

Bed Bugs.—If any of your readers need sure remedy for bed bugs, they can have mine, and cleanse the house of this troublesome vermin, with very little expense. They have only to wash with salt and water, filling the cracks where they frequent with salt, and you may look in vain for them. Salt seems inimical to bed bugs, and they will not trail through it. I think it preferable to all ointments, and the buyer requires no certificate as to its genuineness.—*Mrs. L. C. C., Penn Yankee.*

An Epidemic at St. Petersburg.—A St. Petersburg letter says: "The contagious malady which has been for some time raging in the Russian capital is acquiring fearful proportions. Several hundreds are carried off daily. The hygienic measures prescribed by the committee of public health have been thus far of little avail. The same epidemic fever has appeared in Moscow, and there are fears that, from the prompt communication which at the present moment exists between St. Petersburg and Warsaw, the malady may reach the latter city, and thence spread over the rest of Europe.

Effects of Music on the Insane.—M. E[illegible], the medical director of the St. Rob[illegible] Asylum in Dauphiny, recently got one of the celebrated musical bodies, known as the *Orpheonistes*, that of Grenoble, to visit his establishment; and they were not a little surprised at being saluted, on their arrival, by a chorus sung by the lunatics themselves, exhibiting the touching spectacle of men deprived of reason exhibiting in their singing that order and regularity which had no existence as regarded their ideas. The choruses of the *Orpheonistes* excited a marked effect upon the poor lunatics—emotion, surprise and admiration temporarily suspending their delusions to such a point that they seemed completely reasonable. The order of the proceedings was not interrupted for an instant.—[illegible]

[illegible] with the Bones In.

We are told "there is reason in roasting eggs," and there might be said to be the same in roasting and boiling potatoes. But there will probably be few of my readers who can readily assign a reason why the all-but universal custom among the poor in Ireland is to only half-broil their potatoes, leaving the center so hard that it is called the bone of the potato. Considering that this root constitutes nearly the whole of the laboring man's food, it seems extraordinary that it should not be properly cooked, especially as the want of fuel is hardly ever felt in this land of bogs. It is my habit, whenever any unusual phenomenon presents itself to my observation, to endeavor to unravel the mystery myself before making inquiry of others.

In the present case I stumbled on the true solution of the problem, and found it amply confirmed afterward. There is scarcely a more indigestible substance taken into the human stomach than a half-boiled potato; and to a moderately dispeptic Englishman such diet would be little less than poison. It is this very quality of indigestibility that recommends the parboiled potato to the poor Irishman. Rarely indeed have the laboring classes more than two meals of these in the twenty-four hours, and if they were well boiled the pangs of hunger would be insufferable during a considerable portion of the day and night.

Custom, fortunately, is a second nature; and custom has so reconciled the poor Irishman's stomach to this wretched food that even the children complain if they find no "bone in their potato!" The simplicity of their diet, their exposure to the open air, their patient resignation to their fate, and many other causes, render them little susceptible to the miseries of dyspepsia; while the bones of the potatoes protract the period of digestion till sleep renders them unconscious of the gnawings of hunger. As a feather will often show the direction of the wind better than a well-poised weathercock, so this simple fact demonstrates more forcibly the poverty of the Irish peasantry than a philosophical dissertation on the subject.—[*Dr. James Johnson's Tour in Ireland.*

The Public Debt.

The official statement of the public debt on the 31st of March shows that the amount outstanding, bearing interest to coin,

[illegible]	01,100,561,2[illegible] 00
The interest being... [illegible]	464,016,631 75
[illegible]	731,005,120 [illegible]
The interest being [illegible]	23,819,520 [illegible]
[illegible]	541,123,3[illegible] 06
Total amount outstanding [illegible]	[illegible]
Total interest, gold and lawful money...	[illegible]

The following is the amount of legal tender notes in circulation:

One and two-years' 5 per cent. notes	[illegible]
U. S. Notes, old issue	[illegible]
U. S. Notes, new issue	433,[illegible] 00
Compound Interest Notes, act of March 3, 1863	15,000,000 00
Compound Interest Notes, act of June 30, 1864	141,[illegible] 00
Making a total of	[illegible]
The amount of fractional currency is	[illegible]
Unpaid requisitions	[illegible]
The amount in the Treasury is	[illegible]

Style of Dressing the Hair.

A Paris letter writer thus gossips on the present styles of "doing up" the hair:

Nothing can be more varied and fantastic than the style of dressing the hair at this moment. Some ladies have adopted that of the Empress, wearing small, flat curls in front, almost entirely covering the forehead, with bands of velvet or gold, or jewels, binding the hair as we see it done in antique cameos! Few faces, however, will bear this trying style. Others have their hair drawn up, and then a mass of long, narrow ringlets falling forward, while larger ones fall down at the back of the head.

The strangest of all these fashions is the rage for gold-colored hair, which has made such inroads that it threatens to put all *brunes* out of fashion. For the purpose of producing this tinge, which is only admissible with the fair complexion and light eyes which are its usual accompaniments, powders and washes are sold, and, I am sorry to add, protuberantly used, to the detriment of many a pretty face. So we are brought once more to the days of the glorious Queen Bess, who brought carroty locks into such repute that ladies sheared their own bright locks, if dark, to wear wigs of the royal hue.

Nommes de Plume.

An exchange paper publishes for the benefit of those who take an interest in literary matters, the following list of the names assumed by various authors, to which we have added two or three not embraced by our cotemporary. The assumed signatures are placed within quotation marks, the real name following:

"Gail Hamilton,"	Miss Mary Dodge.
"Florence Percy,"	Mrs Elizabeth Akers.
"Timothy Titcomb,"	Dr J G Holland.
"W. Sartor North,"	Wm S Newell.
"Orpheus C Kerr,"	Robert H Newell.
"Sara Partington,"	B P Shillaber.
"Artemus Ward,"	Charles F Brown.
"Doesticks, P. B."	Mortimer Thompson.
"Q. K. Philander [illegible]"	James H Marris.
"B. Dadd,"	J H Williams.
"Mace Sloper, Esq."	C G Leland.
"Frank Cobbers,"	Oliver A Poulton.
"Josh Billings,"	Jesse W [illegible].
"The Disbanded Volunteer,"	Joseph Barber.
"Jesse Pipes,"	Stephen Massett.
"Ned Buntline,"	E Z C Judson.
"Delay Howard,"	Mrs Daisy McCrea.
"Cousin May Carleton,"	Miss M A Earle.
"Mary Clavers,"	[illegible]
"Currer Bell,"	Charlotte Bronte.
"Village Schoolmaster,"	[illegible]
"Owen Meredith,"	[illegible] Bulwer.
"Barry Cornwall,"	Wm Procter.
"Colley Cibber,"	James Rees.
Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman,"	Miss Dinah Maria Mulock.
"Ik Marvel,"	Donald G Mitchell.
"Jennie June,"	Mrs Jennie Croly.
"Fanny Fern,"	Wife of J Parton the historian, and sister of N P Willis.
"Petroleum V. Nasby,"	D R Locke.
"Howard Glyndon,"	Miss L C Redden.

Crop Items.

A subscriber, writing us from Miami Co., in this State, says:

The prospect for all kinds of fruit has never been excelled. We shall expect a large crop this season. As it is growing late, and the buds are a little late, we think and hope that Jack Frost will not make his appearance so roughly as to kill. [illegible] barley [illegible] The prospect for wheat in this section has never been better [illegible] depend on Ohio of the country. Yo[illegible] flourishing condition. Miami as being [illegible]

—[illegible] of the Mississippi river, from [illegible] to the Gulf, over a thousand miles, is pretty thickly strewn with the relics of Rebel rams and gunboats; the remains of whole fleet lie scattered along the bottom of the Yazoo, the fragments of several [illegible] lie rest in the mud of the bayous of Louisiana and in the Red river, and in almost every river and harbor, from Mobile around the coast to Richmond, the changing tide roll over the broken skeletons of Rebel iron-clads, built only to be blown up. Perhaps the only one now remaining above water, carrying the Rebel ensign, is the one at Halifax, on the Roanoke, which ought to be caught alive, if possible, and preserved as the last of the Rebel rams.

—The Richmond Journals have been calling for negro troops. General Weitzel got them five thousand on Monday. We fear the anxious editors did not wait to see.

General News.

—There are four thousand newspapers in the United States.

—Pittsburg is to have its Academy of Music or Opera House.

—Rhode Island has sent five thousand five hundred and fifty-one men to the war.

—It is proposed to organize horse insurance companies in Illinois; horse thieves do so abound there.

—Rarey, the horse-tamer, is now living on his farm at Groveport, near Columbus, Ohio. He still keeps Cruiser.

—The Boston Traveller calls for the employment of steam-colliers, in order to cheapen the production of coal.

—A female employed in the Treasury at Washington has been detected in abstracting fractional currency, and arrested.

—Sandwich Island dates to February 25 report that the Government is negotiating for the importation of Chinese laborers.

—General Grant's medal contains seven hundred dollars' worth of gold, and cost, work and all, seven thousand dollars.

—The lumber trade in Wisconsin is unusually lively. It is estimated that at least twenty million feet are now in the Neshota river.

—The Commissioners of Emigration in New York are going to build a hospital, at a cost of $226,000, for 220,000 emigrants who annually land there.

—Senor Salamanca, a Spanish banker, has ordered from Paris full suits of livery for his servants. He has 150 servants; the liveries will cost $60,000.

—The cannonading at Richmond was distinctly heard, on Sunday, at Arlington Hights, Washington, a distance of over one hundred miles.

—Poor Brigham Young is a widower. One of his wives died on the 22d of last month.... [illegible], except six.

—The Chamber of Deputies of the Kingdom of Wirtemberg has just pronounced in favor of the abolition of capital punishment by fifty-six votes against twenty-seven.

—A relic hunter in the abandoned house of R. Barnwell Rhett, editor of the Charleston Mercury, found a package very characteristic of the chivalry—fifty unpaid tradesmen's bills.

—In response to a long letter asking permission to trade in Savannah, General Sherman made this laconic answer; "No. W. T. Sherman, Major General."

—Henry Ward Beecher terms the city of New York "a nest of robbers, a den of thieves, whose example familiarizes our citizens with pillage, and prostitutes the morality of our youth."

—One of the imperial quarto volumes of Louis Napoleon's Life of Cæsar, printed for distribution to the crowned heads of Europe, was received here for President Lincoln in the last diplomatic bag from Paris.

—Some idea of the profits of sutlers may be gained from the fact that in the Army of the Potomac, in three days, one man sold apples enough, at from five to eight cents each, to come to $500.

—Buffalo are becoming scarce in the Western hunting grounds. They have been so much disturbed of late by roving Indians that they are seeking more retired homesteads, far away, near the Rocky Mountains.

—A letter from Grafton county, N. H., says that during last week there was the greatest run of sap in the maple sugar orchards in that region that had been known for years.

—A divorce suit has just been decided in Kansas. Mrs. Chloe Hallett got a judgment against her husband, John L. Hallett, for alimony to the amount of one thousand dollars.

—Major W. M. C. Sherman, Paymaster of Volunteers, who recently resigned, did so because the death of his wife's father leaves her a fortune of $400,000. Major Sherman is a native of Rhode Island.

—About fifteen hundred children are already attending the public schools in Charleston, S. C. There has been no parallel to this fact in the history of any captured city in the insurrectionary States.

—The pirate Maffit is said to be imprisoned at Havana, at the suit of Geo. E. Tyler, owner of the Shooting Star, which vessel Maffit recently attempted to destroy. He is the son of the deceased Rev. John Newland Maffit.

—There is a law in Paris compelling every [illegible] ment, or other public building, to leave his or her umbrella, parasol or cane at the door, and pay three cents for the care of it.

—A university, to be endowed by Ezra Cornell, of Ithaca, New York, with half a million of dollars, is about being established. Mr. Cornell is a State Senator and a millionaire, who has made his fortune from obscurity and poverty.

—It is announced that Garibaldi's daughter, Teresita, has given birth at Caprera to a boy, who, by his grandfather's desire has been christened Lincoln, in honor of the "American President who has abolished slavery."

—Before the deluge, it is said frogs grew to be twelve feet long, and otherwise proportioned. What a meal could be made upon the leg of such a frog! A boiled leg of frog would be no more strange than a boiled leg of mutton.

—The will of the late John Bryant, of Boston, whose estate amounts to $4,000,000, bequeaths $200,000 to his granddaughter, Anna Grant; $50,000 to his granddaughter, Julia Bryant, and $12,000 to each of his other grandchildren.

—In the garden at the military hospital at Chattanooga, there were grown one thousand and eighty-eight varieties of flowers last year, and from these floral beauties nearly six thousand papers of seeds were put up and given to the soldiers to send home.

—The Troy Whig announces that Secretary Seward has appointed Colonel James B. McKean, of Saratoga, a special envoy to Honduras, to make a treaty with that Government. Colonel McKean was for several years member of Congress from the Saratoga district.

—It is thought that the United States Senate will refuse a seat to John P. Stockton, assumed to be elected Senator from New Jersey. He had only forty votes, while there were forty-one against him. Such a case has never arisen before.

—The Chattanooga Freeman says: "Some ten or fifteen little boys in this village have formed an organization for the purpose of sawing and splitting the wood of women whose husbands are in the army. They have already split fifteen cords for one lady, and about twenty for another."

—A patent has lately been issued for a simple and portable stove, in which coal oil may be economically used as a fuel. This invention consists in using with a coal oil lamp, of any suitable construction, a draft chimney, and a draw arranged in such a manner that the heat evolved or radiated from the lamp may be advantageously employed for cooking or culinary purposes.

—It is now asserted by scientific explorers that the "slime" or bitumen which the builders of Babel used for mortar is the same thing as our modern petroleum, after its volatile parts had been discharged by evaporation. Layard makes mention of the famous springs of Is, whence the builders of Nineveh and Babylon obtained large quantities of their bitumen. These springs were flowing three thousand years before [illegible] many cubits the beggar king gains as much as 100,000 taels yearly. At festivals, and especially at wedding ceremonies, which last for three days, he sends a deputation to the house of the bride and bridegroom, who are obliged to pay the stipulated ransom. If they refuse the extortion, they have their dwellings invaded by several scores of dirty rascals, whom they are presently willing to pay any price to get rid of.

—The Maryland Legislature has repealed nearly all of the old acts of that State oppressive to the colored population, which used to be so cruelly enforced in this district. Among them were the laws "prohibiting [illegible] negroes for religious purposes, unless conducted by a white person;" "prohibiting trade with free negroes;" "prohibiting the navigation of vessels by negroes;" and prohibiting negroes to keep a dog or a gun without license."

—The present "button" epidemic which has seized on the ladies is founded on a significant value of a similar rage in the early days of Knickerbocker history when they converted so many symbols and exponents of wealth and position. Silver quarter-dollars for coat-buttons, with dimes for the waistcoat, were considered rare elegance; large silver buttons, engraved with the wearer's initials or family arms were also much affected by elderly gentlemen of social a plomb.

—A French settler in Senegal, Africa has written to Le Moniteur that a new textile has been discovered which bids fair to be of great use. It is a sort of vegetable silk, which grows in long pods like a bean and, when ripe the pod bursts like that of a cotton plant, and a rich sort of silk, of extensive fineness, falls from the vessel, of extreme fineness. The fiber of this vessel is very [illegible]. Notwithstanding its great delicacy. The only difficulty seems to be in finding a principal method of cleansing this substance from the gummy matter and the seeds. The [illegible] in question is called Attacus Senegalensis

Family Circle.

How to Enter upon a Scientific Pursuit.

In entering upon any scientific pursuit one of the student's first endeavors ought to be to prepare the mind for the reception of truth, by dismissing, or at least loosening his hold on all such crude and hastily adopted notions respecting the objects and relations he is about to examine, as may tend to embarrass or mislead him; and to strengthen himself by something of an effort and a resolve for the unprejudiced admission of any conclusion which shall appear to be supported by careful observation and logical argument, even should it prove of a nature adverse to notions he may previously have formed for himself, or taken up, without examination, on the credit of others. Such an effort is, in fact, a commencement of that intellectual discipline which forms one of the most important ends of all science. It is the first movement of approach toward that state of mental purity which alone can fit us for a full and steady perception of moral beauty as well as physical adaptation. It is the "euphrasy and rue" with which we must "purge our sight" before we can receive and contemplate as they are the lineaments of truth and nature.—[*Sir John Herschel.*

Table Talk.

When people come to see us we foolishly prattle, and think it necessary in order to be hospitable; but such conversations are chalk eggs. The honest man must keep faith with himself; his sheet anchor is sincerity. Losing this he loses the talent of his talent. What we want is not your activity, not your interference, but your habitual truth. Stay at home. The way to have large-occasional views is to have large habitual views. Let nature bear the expense. Let our eyes meet. Look not [illegible] conversation, but rest; first feel your subject fully, then discourse, if speaking be really more grateful than silence. Make yourself the vehicle of truth.

Another hindrance is the disposition to fun and untimely jokes. Beware of them. They are condiments; inestimable for sauce, but corrupting food. You go away from such banquets hollow and ashamed. There are people who cannot be cultivated; you must keep them down and quiet them as you can; people on whom speech makes no impression. Shun the negative side. Never worry people with your contradictions. Never name sickness, and, above all, beware of unmuzzling the valetudinarian.

Some Western court has defined a town to be "a place where whisky is sold." He would define a city as a place where a man could go into a cafe, and while drinking his cup of coffee, meet and converse with men of letters and of science, and enjoy the refreshment of society. Our institutions of daily necessity can be arranged to secure such benefits, and this should be the aim of every philanthropist at home. We should welcome every means to promote the intercourse of men. We should overcome our national spites.—[*Emerson.*

A Hint on Carpets.

Of all the expensive things in a modern English house of the ordinary class, perhaps carpets are the dearest. In case of removal they become almost useless, and have to be sacrificed at any price that can be got for them, because, having been cut and measured for one room, perhaps of a peculiar shape, they are useless in any other; for if the pattern could be matched, which it often cannot, a bit of bran new-carpet, sewed on to a bit not so new, would be out of harmony, and tell a story which the pride of poverty would rather were concealed.

The Persian and Turkish system of carpeting rooms is infinitely better and prettier than ours. The Persian carpets, especially those from Resht, are exquisitely beautiful. Their colors are brighter, the designs prettier, and they are far more durable than European carpets. They are made in strips, usually between two and three yards long, and about one yard in breadth, to go round the sides of a room, with a square carpet of any size preferred for the center. They do not require to be nailed or fitted, and a sufficient number of them will, of course, carpet any room, however large or small. They have a very rich and grand appearance, too.

In summer they are easily taken up, beaten, rolled, and put aside by a single manservant; and, in the hot weather, why should we not more generally imitate Continental custom, by painting or polishing our floors? Floors painted or polished. Carpets, which are then mere nasty traps to catch dust, harbor insects, and retain bad smells. Everything has its use and its seasons. The use and the season of carpets are not in the summer-time. Where it is impossible to paint or to polish the floor of a house, the employment of oilcloth will be found good economy in summer, and a cleaner. Oilcloth, too, of charming pattern, may now be bought very cheaply, and it keeps a room delightfully cool and fresh.—[*All the Year Round.*

Be Calm.

There are times in every school where disorder is more apparent than at ordinary times, lessons perhaps not as well learned as usual; there is not as careful and cheerful attention to study as is usual; observed, and quiet and good order seem to be giving place to idleness and inattention. Probably every careful teacher has witnessed some such times and perhaps has been unduly discouraged. Such times test the teacher's tact and ability more than almost any other thing in the whole range of school duties. They may not be evidence of mismanagement on the part of the teacher, or proof of insubordination on the part of the pupils. The causes may be various.

Then the teacher should be quick to perceive; but in order to do this he must be calm. There will be a great tendency to worry, fret, and perhaps scold. Such a state of mind only makes things worse. Be calm. Be quiet. Be firm. Be decided, but not hasty. Wear a cheerful look, and use but few words. Look upon your pupils with a fixed purpose, but not with an angry frown. Calmness will be the watchword of victory. It will do for the teacher in his little realm what it does for the general on the field of battle. There is nothing that will so soon and so effectually set things in order as calmness.

When the spirit is calm the thoughts will be at work and a remedy will be suggested. An immediate attention to ventilation, a cheerful song, a short general exercise, a few gymnastic performances, or any thing that will give a new impulse to the mind, will seldom fail to restore harmony in a few minutes. After the current of things has thus been changed, a *very few words*, fitly spoken will often put teacher and pupils in a happy frame of mind, and more than the usual zeal and energy will at once be manifested.—*The Common School Journal.*

Beaten.

Do you know this peculiar feeling? I speak to men in middle age. To be bearing up as manfully as you can; putting a good face on things; trying to persuade yourself that you have done very fairly in life, after all; and all of a sudden to feel that merciful self-deception fail you, and just to break down; to own how bitterly beaten and disappointed you are, and what a sad and wretched failure you have made of life?

There is no one in the world we all try so hard to cheat and delude as oneself. How we hoodwink that individual, and try to make him look at things through rose-colored spectacles! Like the poor little girl in Mr. Dickens' touching story, we *make believe*, but sometimes we are not able to make believe. The illusion goes. The bare, unvarnished truth forces itself upon us, and we see what miserable little wretches we are; how poor and petty are our ends in life, and what a dull, weary round it all is. You remember the poor old half-way officer of whom Charles Lamb tells us. He was not to be dis-illusioned. He asked you to hand him the silver sugar-tongs in so confident a tone that, though your eyes testified that it was but a tea-spoon, and that of Britannia metal, a certain spell was cast over your mind. But rely on it, though that half-starved veteran kept up in this way before people, he would often break down when he was alone. It would suddenly rush upon him what a wretched old humbug he was.—*Country Parson.*

How Nature Covers up Battle Fields.

"Did I ever tell you," says a correspondent of an Eastern paper, "among the affecting little things one is always seeing in these battle-fields, how, on the ground upon which the battle of Bull Run was fought, I saw pretty, pure, delicate flowers growing out of the empty ammunition boxes, and a wild rose thrusting up its head through the top of a broken drum, which doubtless sounded its last charge in that battle, and a cunning scarlet verbena peeping out of a fragment of a burst shell, in which strange pot it was planted. Wasn't that peace growing out of war. Even so shall the beautiful and graceful ever grow out of the horrid and terrible things that transpire in this changing but ever advancing world. Nature covers the battle-ground with verdure and bloom. Peace and plenty spring up in the track of the devouring campaign, and all things beautiful and society shall work out the progress of mankind.

—Bowdoin College conferred the honorary degree of A. M. on Secretary McCulloch, in 1863.

Sunday Reading.

Moral Cowardice.

There are people who never will say good-by, or encounter a parting, because they cannot stand it. Now we do not want scenes to come into fashion, and should be sorry to see the world turn maudlin and sentimental; but still there is a view of this horror of scenes, and this extreme solitude to avoid them, which seems to us more in accordance with probability than the one [illegible] readily acquiesced in. Men imagine [illegible] afraid of any expression of feeling, because they might risk exposing themselves by some unmanly excess of vehement emotion; but have they not also other grounds for evading the trial? We greatly suspect that under this superficial belief that we should be too deeply moved in certain situations—perhaps torn and convulsed by [illegible] and pathetic passion—there is a lurking, unacknowledged misgiving that possibly we should not be moved enough for our credit or even for our self esteem, or to discover that the crust is impenetrable—in fact no crust at all, but just nether millstone inside and out—would be by no means gratifying to our self love. Yet people whose feelings are never reached, who carefully keep themselves out of the way of having them tried, are much more likely to have too little feeling than too much. After all, people generally lose more than they gain by avoiding anything painful that comes naturally in their way. No decent man can feel comfortable while in his heart he knows himself a coward.—[*Essays on Social Subjects.*

Do it With Thy Might.

Fo[illegible] success, fame, position, are never [illegible] but by piously, determinedly, bravely [illegible] ing, growing, living to a thing till it is [illegible] accomplished. In short, you must carry a thing through if you want to be anything or any body. No matter if it does cost you the pleasure, the society, the thousand pearly gratifications of life. No matter for these. Stick to the thing and carry it through. Believe you were made for the matter, and that no one else can do it. Put forth your whole energies. Stir, wake, electrify yourself, and go forth to the task. Only once learn to hurry a thing through in all its completeness and proportion, and you will become a hero. You will think better of yourself—others will think better of you. Of course they will. The world in its very heart admires the stern, determined doer. It sees in him its best sight, its brightest object, its richest treasure. Drive right along, then, in whatever you undertake. Consider yourself amply sufficient for the deed. You'll be successful. Never fear.

Biblical Curiosities.

The Bible contains 66 books, 1,189 chapters, 31,173 verses, 773,692 words, 4,565,480 letters.

The word *and* occurs 46,227 times; the word *reverend* occurs only once—in the 9th verse of the 11th Psalm; the name *Lord* occurs 6,962 times in the Old Testament; *God* occurs 3,720 times; *Jesus* 635 times in the New Testament; *Christ* 55 times; the word *Selah*, which we believe has never been satisfactorily interpreted, is met with 47 times in the Bible; the word *eternity* but once. The double assertion, *verily, verily*, is to be seen 25 times in John's gospel, and nowhere else. There are 314 interrogatories (?) in Job. The phrase, *and God said*, occurs 10 times in the first chapter of Genesis. The word *foreordained* is mentioned but once in the whole Bible—1 Peter, 1, xx; *atonement* but once, in the New Testament. There is no mention made in the Scriptures of *Adam's fall, original sin*, or the *covenant of grace*. The words *eternal life* are mentioned but once—Daniel, 12, ii. The word *predestination* is not mentioned in the whole book.

The middle and shortest chapter is the 11th Psalm; the middle verse is the 8th of the 11th Psalm; the longest verse is the 9th of the 9th chapter of Esther, the shortest is the 35th of the 11th chapter of St. John. The 19th chapter of II. Kings and the 34th of Isaiah are alike. The 8th, 15th, 21st and 31st verses of the 107th Psalm are alike; and each verse of the 136th Psalm ends alike. There are no words or names in the Bible of more than six syllables.

An Overwrought Conscience.

How great these torments of conscience are here, let any man imagine that can but understand what despair means; despair upon just reason; let it be what it will—no misery can be greater than despair. And because I hope none here have felt those [illegible] to learn it by your own reason, or else by the sad instances of story.

It is reported of Petrus Illoannus, a Polonian [illegible], that having read some [illegible] discourse of absolute decrees and divine reprobation, he began to be fantastic and melancholic, and apprehensive that he might be one of those many whom God had decreed for hell from all eternity.

From possible to probable, from probable to certain, the temptation soon carried him, and when he once began to believe himself to be a person inevitably perishing, it is not possible to understand perfectly what infinite fears, and agonies, and despairs, what tremblings, what horrors, what confusion and amazement, the poor man felt within him, to consider that he was to be tormented extremely, without remedy, even to eternal ages. This, in a short continuance, grew insufferable, and prevailed upon him so far that he hanged himself, and left an account of it to this purpose in writing in his study:

"I am gone from hence to the flames of hell, and I have forced my way thither, being impatient to try what those great torments are, which I have feared with an insupportable amazement."

This instance may suffice to show what it is to lose a soul.—[*Jeremy Taylor.*

The Methodist Book Concern.

At the meeting of the New England Methodist Conference, held in Boston last week, the annual exhibit of the Book Concern was presented. Its assets are as follows: Real estate, $91,353 44; cash, $17,705 40; merchandise and materials of printing-office and bindery, $339,116 20; notes and book accounts, $160,894 95—total assets, $652,140 99. Liabilities, $105,032 65. Net capital stock, $547,117 04. The profits of the Concern for the eleven months ending Nov. 30, 1864, were $57,849 32, of which there has been expended $53,820 29, leaving a balance of $11,328 03 to be added to the capital.

Charity under Difficulties.

"Miron" is the fable of a man who wishes to have a reputation for charity, and is at the same time unwilling to give. It is not an uncommon thing for rich Russian merchants, on stated days, and especially on festivals, to distribute money to the poor, who, on these occasions, fill the court-yard of the house. Miron is a millionaire, of whom it is said that he never gives a copeck to the poor; for the sake, therefore, of his good name, he announces that he will feed beggars every Saturday. Crowds flock to his gates, which are left wide open to receive the almseekers; and every one says that, if this goes on, Miron will be eaten out of house and home.

But no; for every Saturday Miron lets loose in his yard a savage mastiff; and the beggars have not only to eat and satisfy themselves, but also to get away from the place without being bitten. In the meanwhile, Miron is accounted a saint. "It is impossible to admire his generosity too much," says the world; 'but it is a pity he keeps such a huge dog; it is somewhat difficult to approach him, but he is ready to divide all he has with the poor."

"I have often observed," adds Kriloff, "that the portals of the great are not easy of access; but it is always the fault of the Cerberus; the Mirons, themselves, are of course in no way to blame."—[*The Russians at Home.*

Influence of Example.

A God-fearing youth occupies the same room with several giddy scoffers—his fellow-students. Night and morning he bends the knee of prayer before them. They scoff at first; but he prays on. The daily reminder of that fearless act of devotion awakens presently in the minds of his companions the memory that they had once been taught to pray, but now have learned to scoff. Example is an arrow of conviction; they, too, "remember their God and are troubled." John Angell James, of Birmingham, says in one of his lectures: "If I have a right to consider myself a Christian, if I have attained to any usefulness in the Church of Christ, I owe it, in the way of means and instrumentality, to the sight of a companion, who slept in the same room with me, bending his knees in prayer on retiring to rest. That scene aroused my slumbering conscience, and sent an arrow to my heart; for, though I had been religiously educated, I had neglected prayer, and cast off the fear of God. My conversion to God followed, and my preparation for the ministry. Nearly half a century has rolled away since then, but that little chamber and that praying youth are still present to my imagination, and will never be forgotten, even amid the splendor of heaven, and through the ages of eternity."

—All the cotton captured in Savannah is now at Staten Island, in New York harbor or on shipboard, and it amounts to thirty eight thousand and seventy-six bales—several thousand more than the highest estimates when Savannah fell into the hands of General Sherman. The last vessels of the fleet were to start from Savannah on Friday.

Youth's Department.

"Speak Gently to the Erring."

As May Britton was walking along, one day, with a basket of provisions for poor old Mr. Brownly, she met a rough, uncouth-looking boy. His clothes were soiled and ragged, and he was whistling a negro melody, as he walked lazily along.

"How are you, Britton?" he said, as he came toward May.

"Timmy Wilke, you shouldn't call me Britton; you might at least say Miss Britton, if you can't say May; but I've something I want to say to you," she continued, as she changed the basket to the other arm.

"You have, though. Some of your nice sermons, I 'spose. I don't want any of 'em. Marm gives me preaching enough in the week, and I hear enough Sunday too. But what have you got there," he continued, as he tried to remove the napkin that covered May's basket.

"Let that alone, Timmy, or I shall go back and tell my mother of you."

"Run along. I saw all I want to. A bottle of rum, I 'spose—should think you might give us a drink; but you needn't step back in that sort of a way. I'm not going to touch your basket, though I could take basket, bottle and all, if I had a mind to."

"What a naughty boy you are, Timmy!"

"I know it, and 'tis a dreadful pity; but what are you going to do about it?" and Timmy began to whistle. May stood a moment, thinking how very badly Timmy behaved; and he added, "But I thought you had something to say to me."

"That is what I was going to say—that you are a naughty boy, and don't obey your mother, and that you make her very unhappy."

"So she makes me unhappy. You needn't call her mother; she isn't my mother, she's only father's widder. I don't want none of your blarney about obeying her, 'cause I never will, if she whips me to death."

"Does she ever whip you, Timmy?"

"I guess you'd think so. She gives me some of the hardest whippings you ever heard of. But I've got a piece of sheepskin that I wear on my back all the time, so it don't hurt as it used to; but it feels rather hot such a morning as this," and Timmy began to work his shoulders back and forth.

"I feel sadly about you, Timmy," May replied, shaking her head. "You used to be such a good little boy. I wish you were as good now, you would be so much happier. I don't like to hear people say you are growing up a wicked man, and perhaps will be sent to jail."

"'Tis kind o' bad, to be sure," Tim replied, drawing down his face with mock solemnity; but it don't trouble me much, for I had just as lief be in jail as to live with marm."

"But just think; after you have been there nobody will ever care for you again."

"Nobody cares for me now, so I shouldn't be any worse off."

"Yes, Timmy, I care for you."

"No, you don't; you only preach to me, so that the minister will praise you for trying to do something big."

"Mr. Danford never praises me, because he knows nothing about what I say to you. Now, Timmy, I'll tell you what I'll do. I've got two dollars father gave me to buy some new books, and I'll go without them, and give it all to you, if you will promise me not to disobey your mother for a month."

"You get out with your money! I wouldn't be so small as to be hired to be good. I think you are a real good girl, May, and I should like to accommodate you; but it will take more money than you or your father has got to hire me to mind her. I haven't any particular objection to being good, as I know of; but I never will obey that ugly—"

"Stop, Timmy! did ever you think how your mother in heaven would feel, if she could look down upon you when you are so naughty and impudent?"

May had touched the right chord this time, and Timmy replied in a tremulous voice, after a moment's silence, "There, don't say anything about her; I don't want to hear it. She used to be good to me, and used to love me, and she is the only one in this whole world that ever did love me." And Timmy drew his soiled jacket-sleeve across his eyes. "I know I'm a great big baby to cry; but I can't help it, I never can when I think of her, and she died just when I got big enough to love her. But I must go now; good-bye, May."

[illegible] become a better boy?"

"Yes, there is one thing that you can do," he replied, as he brushed away the great drops that stood on his cheeks, "that I've thought of a good many times, but I never like to speak about."

"What is it? Do tell me," eagerly asked May.

"Well, I don't know whether it is best to tell you or not. I don't suppose it will do any good; but you won't say anything to anybody about it, only your father."

"You needn't be afraid to trust me; I'll promise to keep your secret."

"Well, May, ask your father to hire me to pick stones or hoe in his place. I think if I could get away from home, I should perhaps have some courage to try to do a little better."

"I'll ask him to-night, and I think he will do it."

"That's good, May. You don't tell any body I cried, will you; I know I'm too big to be such a baby."

"You're not a baby to cry. It is a good sign. It shows that you think about your mother in heaven. You know it isn't anything to me, Timmy, if you grow up a wicked man, it won't hurt me a bit; but I can't bear to think of it, for your sake. I want you to be good and happy, and make people happy around you; then some time you'll go to heaven and see your mother again."

"There, May, good-bye, I must go now," he replied with a quivering lip, and he ran away without waiting to hear another word.

A few weeks after, Timmy was installed as errand-boy on Mr. Britton's farm. He lived at the farm-house, and, although Mr. Britton's head man worked him sometimes beyond his strength, yet he proved faithful and industrious.

Twelve years after, when Timothy Wilke became a preacher of the Gospel, he said to May, "It's the influence you had over me in my boyhood that has made me what I am. No one in those days spoke kindly or gently to me but you. Had it not have been for your words of encouragement I should have gone the downward road. You have saved one soul from ruin, and if, at the end of my ministry, I can say that I have done as much, I shall feel that I have not preached in vain."

A Child's Prayer.

A dear little bright-eyed child, who has been lying upon the fur rug before the sanctum fire, suddenly pauses in her disjointed, innocent chat; says little Blinkey has come to town, and that her eyes are heavy; creeps up to the paternal knee, and, half asleep, repeats, very touchingly to us, we must say, and certainly in the most musical of all "still small voices," those lines, which a loving elder sister had taught her:

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

"All this day thy hand hath led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me—
Listen to my evening prayer!"

The prayer itself dies upon her lips, in almost indistinct, sleepy murmurs; only when Kitty, who has come for her, is taking her away to the nursery, she says, half awakened:

"——take me when I die to Heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell!"

Since little Josa went up stairs, we've been thinking of this, and because it interested us, we thought we would jot it down.—[*Knickerbocker.*

Ax Grinding.

This is a term borrowed from a story told by Franklin. A little boy going to school was accosted by a man carrying an ax. The man calls the boy all kinds of pretty and endearing names, and induces him to enter a yard where there is a grindstone. "Now, my pretty little fellow," says he with the ax, "only turn that handle, and you'll see something pretty." The boy turns and turns, and the man holds the ax to the stone and pours water over it till the ax is ground. Straightway he turns with strident voice and fierce gesture on the boy: "You abandoned little miscreant," he cries, "what do you mean by playing truant from school? You deserve a good thrashing. Get you gone this instant!" "And after this," adds Franklin, "when anybody flattered me I always thought he had an ax to grind."

Always Tell the Truth.

The ground-work of all manly character is veracity, or the habit of truthfulness. That virtue lies at the foundation of every thing said. How common it is to hear parents say: "I have faith in my child so long as he speaks the truth. He may have many faults, but I know that he will not deceive. I build on that confidence." They are right. It is a lawful and just ground to build upon. So long as the truth remains in a child, there is something to depend on, but when truth is gone all is lost, unless the child is speedily won back again to veracity. Children, did you ever tell a lie? If so, you are in imminent danger. Return at once, little reader, and enter the stronghold of truth, and from it may you never depart again.

Agricultural.

INTERESTING TO FARMERS.

In the year 1860, cotton to the amount of $191,806,555 was exported from the United States; the value of that manufactured during the same year was $40,491,565, making a total of $232,298,120. This was at the time when the Southern States were the great cotton field of the world, and in the year of the greatest production in the country. We have shown in a previous article the comparatively small amount of wool produced in the same year.

We now call attention to the number of sheep which were kept the same year, amounting to 24,823,565, producing 60,511,343 pounds of wool. We have already shown that our wants are 200,000,000 pounds; and when we present this as an estimate we do not mean dirty, greasy stuff, which contains only about 25 per cent. of wool, but clean, brook-washed wool, to produce which would require some 70,000,000 sheep. If we allow the number at the present time to have increased to 26,000,000, we still need 44,000,000, which, at the very low rate of $3 per head, will require a capital of $132,000,000. This is an important consideration for capitalists, for it is a sum nearly equal to the whole capital employed in 1860 in the manufacture of both cotton and wool, which amounted to $125,071,022; while 70,000,000 sheep would employ a capital of $210,000,000, estimating their value at $3 per head, which must be considered a very low estimate indeed, in view of the fact that rams within a few weeks have been sold for thousands and ewes for hundreds of dollars, while $30, $40 and $50 is nowhere considered an extravagant price for good rams, and ordinary ewes are sold at from $5 to $10 per head in many sections of the country. We are inclined to the opinion that if we could obtain a full estimate, at present prices of the value of sheep required to produce the needed quantity of wool, and also obtain the price of slaves employed on the Southern cotton fields in 1860, we should find that the sheep required the most capital. Our readers will pardon us for making the comparison between the value of sheep and the price of men.

We have entered thus minutely into this part of the subject in order that the public generally, and stock raisers particularly, may see what a large and important field is open for their future operations, and that all may understand that sheep husbandry is of greater pecuniary interest to this country than slave propagation.

We have another very important consideration to present, and that is the production of mutton, 25,000,000 pounds of which are annually sold in the markets of New York city. If we estimate its population at the present time at 900,000, then we shall have about twenty-eight pounds to each individual; and estimating the present population of the United States at 35,000,000, which is allowing but a slight increase for the past four years, and taking the consumption of the city of New York as an average of that of the whole country, the annual amount will be 980,000,000 pounds, and if we reckon this amount at the very low price of five cents per pound, we shall have an annual expenditure for mutton of $49,000,000; if to this sum we add $200,000,000, the value of the annual amount of wool required at present prices, we shall have an annual value of $249,000,000, being $16,701,880 more than the whole income for cotton in 1860, more than four-fifths of which had to seek a foreign market, while the whole product, both wool and mutton, would be consumed at home.

In this connection, this question may be raised: If we increase the number of sheep seventy-five per cent., will there be a corresponding demand for mutton?

We reply that the consumption of mutton has thus far been about equal to its production; but when people fully understand that it contains one-fifth more nutrition than beef, and one-fourth more than pork; that as an article of diet it is far more wholesome than the latter, much more easily digested than either, and can be produced twenty per cent. cheaper than beef, we may rest assured that mutton will be second in demand to neither beef nor pork.

In England this is well understood, for during the last six months of 1860 the sales in the leading markets exhibit the following comparisons: 148,485 head of beef cattle, 15,470 pigs, and 702,740 sheep and lambs; and this large proportion of the latter is not caused because mutton is cheaper than beef, for we find that for the same six months the average price of prime mutton was 19 [illegible] last fifteen years the average price of beef has been 11¼ cents per pound, that of mutton has been 12¼ cents. And though England for its size is the largest sheep producing country in the world, yet that production has never been equal to the demand—the result of a positive knowledge that it is the most nutritious meat sold in the market.

The soil and climate of the United States are well adapted for the production of good mutton, and every description of wool, while England has to import every pound she uses for the finer description of goods. And yet, with all our natural advantages over almost every country in the world, we have been the most dependent for wool. In fact, our attention had been so directed to and fixed upon cotton that we began to think that wool could not be raised with profit. Designing men had led us to think and talk of cotton as though the sub strata of poor old mother Earth had been nothing but cotton, cropping out nowhere but in the Southern States.

The production of cotton is confined almost exclusively between the 35th parallels. While sheep, though varied in their kind, are adapted to the various conditions of soil and climate, that exist between the latitudes of 65, and are found luxuriating in the fertile valleys, rambling along the slopes, bounding among the craggy rocks, or grazing upon the mountain tops.

The history of cotton dates no further back than the tenth century; while the history of wool and its manufacture is nearly coeval with the history of man. Yet notwithstanding all these drawbacks, under the stimulating force of slave labor, and in the hands of those who were determined to use it, either for ruling or destroying a world, it soon attained such a mighty power, from the enormous quantity produced, that the owners were deluded with the idea that it was that giant which bore the world upon its shoulders, and the force which moved the wheels of all the civilized powers of earth, and that to withhold it, or refuse to raise it, would produce riot, discord and rebellion everywhere.

And to such an extent had they impressed this idea upon the commercial world, that on its bended knees it offered a slave oligarchy, the power to rule the white, and everywhere own the black; and when, not satisfied with this, South Carolina seceded; when the flag which floated on every sea and waved in every breeze—everywhere the symbol of freedom—all battle-torn, was lowered before armed treason on Sumter's walls, the commercial world stood aghast, and for a time every nerve was paralyzed.

The farmer well remembers how, at that time, he stood in the market with his wool, asking for an offer, but none had the hardihood to make him a bid. He said, take it for 25 cents per pound, and he was considered a rash man who sold it is a bargain. But after the disaster of Bull's Run, it was found that a rebellion had to be crushed; soldiers were required, and they had to be clothed, but not with cotton; the sanitary condition of the army demanded wool; then it was discovered that wool was a power and a source of prosperity.

Trade and commerce moved again; famine and pestilence did not stalk abroad in any of the Northern cities; neither did conflagration light departing commerce from the piers of the Empire City. Nor was New England left with nothing save a host of broken granite bowlders; her merchants and artisans did not sit disconsolate amid her ruins, weeping for lost prosperity and refusing to be comforted; nor were her sons and daughters left with nothing but cotton rags to save them from that chilling atmosphere to which a proud Southern oligarchy had boastingly consigned them. For their protection the innocent sheep interposed its fleecy form, and his coat is proving more valuable to them than cotton raised on soil tilled by bondman's sweat or woman's blood.

Her mountain rills, once rightly trained for one enterprise, were easily harnessed for another, and her energy and capital are finding new outlets, among which worsted and woolens constitute no small part. But it is not the mountain rills alone that are needed for these enterprises; the hills and valleys are required; the bleating flocks must feed on every mountain side, must stud the landscape in every vale. Those boundless prairies must yet be to modern times what fair Arcadia was in ancient days and poets yet shall sing of shepherds watching there their flocks by night. Enormous sums of money, which each succeeding year leave our shores for wool and woolens, will ere long be kept at home—a source of wealth for farmer, artizan and merchant.—[*N. Y. Tribune.*

Fruit—The Worms.

Let every apple, pear and peach tree be examined this month. On the ends of some of the limbs will be found the case in which the germ of the myriad of worms is. It is like shoemaker's wax, glazed over smoothly, lies close to the limb, may be from half an inch to an inch or more in length. A number of them may be found upon a single tree on the small limbs near the end. They are easily removed. Break them open and peal them off. It will save your fruit.

Correspondence.

[Special Correspondence Cincinnati Times.]

Letter from Nashville.

Inauguration of Governor Brownlow—His Address—Scenes of the Occasion, etc.

Nashville, Tenn., April 6, 1865.

The inauguration ceremonies yesterday passed off admirably in all respects. The two houses met in the hall of Representatives at 11 A. M., and at 12 o'clock Governor Brownlow delivered his address.

Long before the hour arrived, the lobby and galleries were crowded and packed to their utmost capacity, while large numbers were unable to gain admission. Many ladies were present, adding to the brilliancy and interest of the scene, while a perfect galaxy of military celebrities in full dress uniform contributed, by their august presence, to render the occasion not a little imposing.

By special invitation, the result of a resolution passed in the House, Gens. Thomas, Rousseau, Milroy, Cooper and Miller, together with their respective staffs, were requested to attend. They were all present, and likewise a large number of other officers, including General Donaldson, Chief Quartermaster of the Department, and General Towers. The members of the Legislature of course put on their most dignified and patrician airs, striving to appear as if the science of government was far from being new to them; but their very efforts to appear at ease revealed them anything else than accomplished statesmen. There was apparently a heavy per centage of Andy Johnson's plebeians among them; men, however, tried and true in the Union cause, and with the good of their country and State near at heart. And let me say right here, that the present General Assembly, as a whole, is far from being discreditable to Tennessee. On the contrary, it does honor to the State in point of talent and ability.

But the short recess taken by the House has expired. The assembly is called to order, and Governor Brownlow enters arm in arm with Gen. Thomas, followed by the speakers of the respective Houses and numerous invited guests. The customary prayer follows, after which the oath of office is administered and Gov. Brownlow advances to the rostrum and commences the delivery of his inaugural. Expectation is on tip-toe, and every eye is directed to the speaker as he opens in tones clear and distinct, that strange, solemn face, once seen never forgotten, and yet in its lineaments wonderfully at variance with the popular idea, looking earnestly forth upon the hearer. It is no more Brownlow, the vehement radical, piling up compound epithets until the objects of his enmity and wrath seem ready to sink into depth unspeakable; no longer Brownlow, the editor of the "Knoxville Whig and Rebel Ventilator," pouring out threatenings and denunciations, like vials of wrath, upon Rebels and Rebel sympathizers, but Brownlow, the statesman—Brownlow, the Governor of Tennessee.

There is a vein of versatility in the man which can be brought into play at will, and the address to which we are listening was evidently penned in one of his happiest moments. The bitter gall that burns and withers like caustic the subject against which it may be directed is wanting, and, perhaps, strangely enough too it will seem, even when the speaker refers to the rebellion, its abettors and leaders; in its place is the thrust of raillery and sharp sarcasm wielded in a style that tells not to shun the hand of a master. All the old earnestness is there perhaps intensified by contemplation of high responsibilities, but the old venom is gone. I venture to say there were men present who have known Parson Brownlow for years, and as they may have supposed been familiar with every phase of his character, and yet listened to his inaugural with surprise and astonishment, so at variance did it seem with their conception of the man.

There may have been some among the crowd of eager hearers, who looked upon the individual for the first time, as they listened then and there, and who remembering their previous notions, felt slightly troubled on the question of identity. It was an address eloquent and earnest in the highest degree, strong in trenchant English, and would have done honor to one more pretentious to the claims of statesmanship. I cannot forbear giving a few characteristic paragraphs:

"* * * through you, those whom you have the honor to represent. I bring with me a settled determination to discharge these duties to the very best of my limited abilities—with an equally determined purpose of faithfulness, integrity, impartiality, and devotion to the State, and the generous people who have placed me here, to the close of my period of service.

"I am free to admit that I have been promoted to this high position by the Union people of Tennessee without regard to old party lines, and I am justly expected by them to administer the executive duties with a view to no partisan or selfish purposes; and thus, relieved of many of the troubles and burdens which invariably connect themselves with a mere party triumph, I am left free with you, gentlemen, to follow the suggestions of patriotism and duty, and to know no man because he has been a Whig, or a Democrat, but to honor all, as they may honor the Federal Union.

"The maxim is one of long standing, and of world-wide renown, that 'the pen is mightier than the sword.' This is a sort of half truth that in the midst of popular speech has obtained the stamp of authority, and henceforth has passed current without a very close examination as to its correctness. Major General Thomas, [cheers] a true soldier, and a modest gentleman, might utter this maxim; but the Rebel General Hood, less modest, might question its correctness, alleging that his *experience* has taught him that the sword has made the pen powerful, and pointed its periods.

"And although often used as the instrument of wrong and injustice, patriots, philanthropists, and even Christians, will not fail to remember the invaluable services of the sword, in the cause of truth and liberty; they will remember that it wrung the great *Charter of English Rights* from the hands of an obstinate King; they will remember that in the grasp of an inexorable people, the sword perpetuated their right at the block, where Charles the First lost his head! Coming down to our own day and time, the sharp logic of the sword has solved with its trenchant blows the Gordian Knot of Southern Independence! The pen did its work in the getting up of this rebellion, by 'instructing the Southern mind and firing the Southern heart;' but Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, Farragut and others, by the use of the sword, have brought the Southern people to consider seriously, whether or not, the 'triumphs of peace are greater than the triumphs of war.'" [Cheers.]

Again, defining his position: "If I am anything in politics, I come under the hated appellation of a *Federalist*, a name given to the friends of the Constitution of the United States, at its formation and adoption, and to the political party that favored the administration of President Washington—the most pure and patriotic party that ever existed in America. I hope I may be allowed to repeat, without subjecting myself to the charge of egotism, that I have all my life long been a Federal Whig, of the Washington and Hamilton school. I am the advocate of a *concentrated* Federal Government; or, if more acceptable to the fastidious, of a *Strong Central Government*, able to maintain its dignity, to assert its authority, and to crush out any rebellion that may be inaugurated. Such a Government is what we want, and what we must have, with ample powers to sustain itself, having due regard for the constitutional rights of the States, which are clearly defined and sufficiently guarded. I have never been a *Sectional*, but at all times a *National* man, supporting men for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, without any regard to which side of Mason and Dixon's Line they were born, or resided at the time of their nomination."

* * * * *

Speaking of the Federal Union he says:

"Who among us, gentlemen, or our generation, can estimate the value of the American Union? Proud, happy, thrice-happy America! the home of the oppressed, the asylum of the emigrant, where the citizen of every clime, and the child of every creed, roam free and untrammeled as the wild winds of heaven! Baptized at the fount of Liberty in fire and blood, during our Heroic Infancy struggle, cold must be the heart that thrills not at the name of the American Union!

"When the Old World, with 'all its pomp, and pride, and circumstance,' and the march of its monarchies toward our Government, shall be covered with oblivion—when thrones shall have crumbled and dynasties shall have been forgotten—may this glorious Union, despite the mad schemes of Southern fire eaters, and Northern copperheads, stand amid regal ruin and national desolation, towering sublime, like the last mountain in the Deluge—majestic, immutable, and magnificent!

"In pursuance of this, let every loyal man who loves his country and her institutions, shake off the trammels of Southern treason, and swear upon the altar of his country, in the language of that inflexible patriot of the Hermitage,—'The Federal Union—it must and shall be preserved!' Then we shall see every heart a shield, and a drawn sword in every hand, to preserve the ark of our political safety! Then we shall see reared a fabric upon our National Constitution, which time cannot crumble, persecution shake, fanaticism disturb, nor revolution change—but which shall stand among us like our lofty and stupendous Lookout Mountain, while the earth rocks at its feet, and the thunder peals above its head!"

The address, pronounced deliberately, so that not a word was lost by his hearers, required about twenty-five minutes for its delivery. On its conclusion, Major General Thomas stepped forward and grasped the hand of the speaker in hearty congratulation. He was followed by the other military dignitaries, equally cordial in their salutations; after which the members of the Senate and House were presented individually to the new Governor, and the ceremonies of inauguration were completed.

In passing out of the hall the crowd stumbled over the prostrate form of some drunken individual, who had planted himself in the doorway and sunk senseless to the floor. He had evidently "inaugurated" on the occasion a "leetle too many," and formed a solitary exception to the respectability of the throng.

All went away pleased and gratified; if not before, at least now, fully convinced of the ability and straight-forward character of the man chosen by the loyal people of Tennessee as the first Governor of the new regime under an amended constitution.

HONORS TO MAJOR GENERAL THOMAS.

The Senate, in its session yesterday, passed, unanimously, a resolution requesting the Governor of the State to cause a sword, with suitable devices and inscriptions, to be made and presented to Major General George H. Thomas, together with the thanks of the loyal people of Tennessee, who thoroughly appreciate his qualities as a soldier and a gentleman. Gen. Thomas merits the honor conferred upon him by the people of this State, and any token they may confer will be far from [illegible], and undeserved.

SLAVERY ABOLISHED.

The joint resolution ratifying the amendment abolishing slavery throughout the United States was yesterday [illegible] adopted. Not a d[illegible]

Nashville, April 7, 1865.

More than one of the cotton planters of Middle Tennessee have become discouraged and equally disgusted with the numberless drawbacks attending the enterprise, and having disposed of their claims, implements, materials, etc., at a woeful discount, are betaking themselves to other employments more likely to prove successful and remunerative. In present times and at present prices the raising of cotton in Tennessee will not pay. The price to which the article has fallen in market must prove anything but encouraging to the producer. Cotton which a year ago was sold at nearly two dollars per pound, is now slow at fifty cents. Consider, in this connection, the cost of labor—the wages of an able-bodied male negro are seldom less than $30 per month and board—add to this the Government taxes, and the expense of implements and materials, not forgetting to deduct a heavy per centage for losses by guerrillas, and the amount you will be able to reckon up as clear profit will be exceedingly small in comparison with the risks run, and the capital necessarily invested. It has proved to many a frightfully losing business, while others have barely escaped utter ruin. Not a few plantations have been swept completely by guerrillas, and nothing whatever left to the proprietors. Hardly a week ago the extensive plantation, formerly the property of Gen. Pillow near Columbia, was robbed and stripped of everything by one of the marauding bands which infest the district. All things considered, cotton raising will be at a discount for some time to come. At least until the country becomes settled and property is less imperiled.

Numbers of these guerrilla leaders, who incite the people who may be disaffected toward the Federal Government to acts of rapine and plunder, are being brought to grief all over the State. The other day the notorious Pow Hardiman was recognized by Col. Gilmore in Pulaski, very quietly arrested, and handed over to the proper authorities. Hardiman, relying on the amnesty oath which he had in his pocket and the protection papers given him by Gen. Rousseau, who had been deceived into the belief that he was a good, loyal citizen, ventured into the town to make some arrangements with parties supposed to be connected with the infamous gang of which he is Captain; but unfortunately for himself, and very happily for the quiet and security of that section of country, he played a losing card and the game with him is up. He was summarily tried, his identity proved beyond the possibility of a doubt and himself sentenced to the halter.

Guerrillas must be suppressed, and the speedier the work is accomplished the better. The State Legislature will probably pass measures looking toward their punishment and extermination. Let some[illegible]

Gen. Milroy, stationed at Tullahoma, has accomplished such wonders in that region of country that he has received the name of "old guerrilla queller," but unfortunately his surveillance does not extend over the entire State—otherwise legislation on this knotty point would be rendered entirely unnecessary.

Brev't. Brig. Gen. H. S. Carnigan has lately assumed the duties of post commander at Bridgeport, Alabama. He is a fine officer and formerly held the position of Lieutenant Colonel in the 67th Ohio, having been promoted on account of distinguished bravery in battle. He has an excellent staff, and will undoubtedly disseminate a wholesome respect for the Federal authorities among the inhabitants of that portion of the State. Bridgeport is made a sort of head-quarters by the gunboats patrolling the Tennessee above Muscle Shoals; a few days ago the General Grant came up with eighteen rebel deserters, picked up along the river, and also a number of bona fide rebel prisoners. The town has manifested a spirit of considerable enterprise, but sometime since a destructive fire laid more than half of it in ashes. A small sheet about a foot square is published once or twice a week, under the tittle of "Bridgeport Illustrator."

By the way, speaking of deserters reminds me to say that their numbers, in this department, are now constantly increasing; we have them coming into Nashville sometimes at the rate of fifty per day. The first of the week, two Rebel soldiers came into our lines above Knoxville, having furloughs for thirty days, dated in Richmond, March 18. They came down the Lynchburg and Virginia Railroad beyond Bristol, where they footed it to the nearest post occupied by our troops, and deserted. They had only been recently exchanged which accounts for their being given leave of absence.

Thieving by negroes has come to be an almost unendurable nuisance in many parts of the State. Our colored brethren do not seem to have a very correct appreciation of the *meum and tuum*, but appropriate everything they can lay their hands on. Not a few horses and mules supposed to have been stolen by guerrillas must be traced to this source. Several negro horse thieves have been lately arrested and placed in durance vile, awaiting trial for their mercenary conduct. The American citizen of African descent needs tutoring up to a higher stand point before he can make a good neighbor, to say nothing of other qualities. The testimony of those who have employed the negroes extensively, especially on cotton plantations, is that they work just as little as they can, although having the inducement of good wages to spur them on.

The conduct of a large number of colored employes engaged in the work of repairing railroads will serve as an example of this improved "notion." They refused as a body to work longer, until they received their arrearages of pay. Although assured that their claims should be satisfied in the course of a few days, no amount of reasoning could shake their determination to remain idle until the back pay was forthcoming.

Some of the colored folks of Nashville have an inkling with regard to a paragraph in Governor Brownlow's message, referring to freedmen, and which they seem to construe as looking toward colonization. They don't like that idea at all. It isn't congenial to their feelings.

No word from Stoneman has been received for some time past, and we are here equally in the dark concerning the movements of Wilson's cavalry, only a few meager and conflicting details being rumored since his departure from the banks of the Tennessee.

Persons coming to Nashville should not fail to get a pass from the proper authorities before starting out. Brig. Gen Miller, Post Commander here, is the proper authority to whom application by letter or telegraph should be made. Several parties of late, neglecting to provide themselves with the proper papers, have been arrested and placed in confinement. The regulations are very strict.

Pleasant weather we are having here now, and have been favored with the same for some time past. The weather to-day is decidedly cool, in comparison with several days past.

C.

—A noble-hearted lady, the wife of a wounded officer who had rendered distinguished service in the army, has suggested that the ladies of the country unite in presenting every soldier and non-commissioned officer who has served in the war, a national silver medal to be worn as a testimonial of their patriotism and valor. As a means of speedily accomplishing this object, it is proposed that the ladies of the United States contribute, each, a silver dollar, or its equivalent in plate, to secure a fund necessary for this praiseworthy and patriotic object.

—It is stated that the Queen of England has conferred the title of Knight of the Order of Bath on Mr. Archibald, the British Consul General in New York.